I stay at home to read and work. Excellent reading aloud with Ern. of Wilde's *De Profundis* (German text and English text together).

Quiet evening, but I should have preferred it more studious. It all lacks sharpness.

Admirable life of Carlyle (Brenn: *Pages libres}.* When reading it I feel myself to be just the way I used to be fifteen years ago. But the *means* are less easy; my ardor more spotty. I still have *this,* but so many other useless things *with it.* Only one thing is necessary? Yes, but provided that it is the *only thing.*

Friday

"That," he said, "is the portrait of a society woman. But do you notice the vulgar hand? Do you know why? It is because it projects forward. Look at a photograph. *I* have noticed it: when a woman puts her hand in front of her, well, just look: the hand appears too big. At once. Manet saw that at once. No, you see, you don't set yourself *in front of* nature but rather *in* nature. Manet *is* Nature.

"And look! That woman in an evening gown—it's living, it's breathing! That breast —you desire that breast—if you love breasts/'

These few remarks are uttered, among many others, in front of some wonderful Manets and some Cezannes, by M. Pellerin, whose collection I go to see with Count Kessler.

Thursday

The first really hot evening, after a stifling and radiant day. If I had some book under way, I should write this evening its most beautiful pages. My brain is lucid, not too gay, my flesh is at rest, my spirit staunch. This evening I should be a wonderful lover, and I cannot think of Gerard without pity. I should like not to have met M. before yesterday and not to have spoken to him until today. . , .

If I threw myself from my balcony tonight, I should

do so saying: It's simpler."

I reread some excellent Jules Renard and some of Barres's *Taches* dTEncm[11] I had brought a few pages of Goethe's poems with me. Recently I reread in this way, always penetrating deeper into them and ever feeling surer of my liking them, his *Epigrams* and his *Elegies.*

Four years ago on such an evening I should have prowled aH night long.

[11] A literary "gazette" entirely written and edited by Maurice Barres in 1884-5, when he was still under twenty-five.